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OUR CALENDAR.

It is requested that notice of any alteration in the Calendar be sent to the *Publisher* not later than Thursday Morning.

N.B.—The name of the Minister of the Church is in all cases inserted, unless instructions are received to the contrary by Thursday morning before the date of issue.

SUNDAY, August 10.

LONDON.

Acton, Creffield Road, 11.15, Rev. A. C. HOLDEN, M.A.; 7, Mr. E. WILKES SMITH.
 Bermondsey, Fort-road, 7, Mr. H. N. CALEY.
 Blackfriars Mission and Stamford-street Chapel, 11 and 7, Rev. W. J. PIGGOTT.
 Brixton, Unitarian Christian Church, Effra-road. Closed during August.
 Child's Hill, All Souls', Weech-road, Finchley-road. Closed.
 Croydon, Free Christian Church, Wellesley-road, 11 and 7, Rev. W. M. WESTON, Ph.D.
 Essex Church, The Mall, Notting Hill Gate, 11 and 7, Rev. H. E. B. SPEIGHT.
 Finchley, Granville-road, Ballards-lane, 11 and 6.30, Rev. BASIL MARTIN, M.A.
 Forest Gate, Upton-lane, 11, Mr. A. J. HEALE; 6.30, Mr. F. G. BARRETT-AYRES.
 Hackney, New Gravel Pit Church, Chatham-place, 11.15 and 7, Rev. BERTRAM LISTER.
 Hampstead, Rosslyn-hill Chapel, 11.15 and 6.30, Rev. W. H. DRUMMOND.
 Highgate-hill Unitarian Christian Church, 11 Rev. FRED HALL. No evening service.
 Ilford, High-road, 11 and 7, Rev. A. H. BIGGS, M.A.
 Islington, Unity Church, Upper-street, 11, Mr. C. A. PIPER; 7, Mr. R. W. SORESENSEN.
 Kentish Town, Clarence-road, N.W., no morning service; 6.30, Rev. F. HANKINSON.
 Kilburn, Queux-road, closed during August.
 Leytonstone, 632, High-road, 6.30, Rev. DELTA EVANS.
 Lewisham, Unitarian Christian Church, High-street, 11 and 7.
 Mansford-street Church and Mission, Bethnal Green, Mr. F. EDWIN ALLEN.
 Peckham, Avondale-road, 11 and 6.30, Rev. D. W. ROBSON, B.D.
 Richmond, Free Church, Ormond-road, closed during August.
 Stoke Newington Green, 11.15, Dr. LIONEL TAYLER.
 Stratford Unitarian Church, 11, Mr. F. G. BARRETT-AYRES; 6.30, Mr. F. COTTIER.
 University Hall, Gordon-square, W.C., no service. Service will be resumed on September 21.
 Wandsworth Unitarian Christian Church, East Hill, 11 and 7, Rev. W. G. TARRANT, B.A.
 Wimbledon, Smaller Worple Hall, 7, Rev. A. C. HOLDEN.
 Wood Green Unity Church, 11 and 7, Rev. JOSEPH WILSON.
 Woolwich, Carmel Chapel, Anglesea-road, 3 and 6.30, Rev. T. F. M. BROCKWAY.

ABERSTWYTH, New-street Meeting House, 11 and 6.30. Supply.
 AMBLESIDE, The Knoll Chapel, Rydal-road, 11, Rev. E. W. LUMMIS, M.A.
 BATH, Trim-street Chapel, 11 and 6.30, Rev. J. McDOWELL.
 BIRMINGHAM, Old Meeting Church, Bristol-street, 11 and 6.30, Rev. Dr. G. DAWES HICKS.
 BIRMINGHAM, Church of the Messiah, Broad-street. Closed till September 7.
 BLACKPOOL, South Shore Unitarian Free Church, Lytham-road South, 11 and 6.30, Rev. H. BODELL SMITH.
 BOLTON, Halliwall-road Free Church, 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. J. ISLAN JONES, M.A.
 BOURNEMOUTH, Unitarian Church, West Hill-road, 11 and 6.30, Rev. V. D. DAVIS, B.A.

BRIGHTON, Free Christian Church, New-road, 11 and 7, Rev. PRIESTLEY PRIME.
 BURY ST. EDMUNDS (Free Christian), Church-gate-street, 11 and 6.45, Rev. G. WARD.
 BUXTON, Hartington-road Church, 11 and 6.30, Rev. G. STREET.
 CHESTER, Matthew Henry's Chapel, 11 and 6.30, Rev. E. GLYN EVANS, of Dudley.
 CLIFTON, Oakfield-road Church, 11 and 6.30, Dr. G. F. BECKH.
 (DEAN Row, 10.45 and
 (STYAL, 6.30, Rev. E. A. VOYSEY, M.A.
 DOVER, Adrian-street, near Market-square, 11 and 6.30, Rev. C. A. GINEVER.
 DUBLIN, Stephen's Green West, 12 and 7, Rev. E. SAVELL HICKS, M.A.
 EVESHAM, Oat-street Chapel, 11 and 6.30, Rev. W. E. WILLIAMS.
 GEE CROSS, 11 and 6.30, Rev. E. H. PICKERING.
 HASTINGS, South Terrace, Queen's-road, 11 and 6.30, Rev. EDGAR LOCKETT.
 HORSHAM, Free Christian Church, Worthing-road, 11 and 6.30, Rev. VICTOR MOODY.
 HULL, Park-street Church (Unitarian), 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. LAWRENCE CLARE.
 LEEDS, Mill Hill, 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. C. HARGROVE, M.A.
 LEICESTER, The Great Meeting, 11 and 6.30, Rev. F. R. GRIFFIN, of Montreal.
 LEWES, Westgate Chapel, 11 and 6.30, Rev. J. M. CONNELL.
 LISCARD-WALLASEY, Memorial Church, Manor-road, 11 and 6.30, Rev. W. STEPHENS.
 LIVERPOOL, Ancient Chapel of Toxteth, 11 and 6.30, Rev. C. CRADDOCK.
 LIVERPOOL, Hope-Street Church, 11 and 6.30, Rev. W. W. CHYNOWETH POPE.
 LIVERPOOL, Ullet-road, Sefton-park, 11 and 6.30, Rev. J. C. ODGERS, B.A.
 MAIDSTONE, Unitarian Church, Earl-street, 11 and 6.30, Rev. ALEXANDER FARQUHARSON.
 MANCHESTER, Cross-street Chapel, 10.30 and 6.30, Rev. E. L. H. THOMAS, B.A.
 MANCHESTER, Platt Chapel, 11 and 6.30, Rev. W. WHITAKER.
 MANCHESTER, Upper Brook-street, Free Church, 11 and 6.30, Rev. E. W. SEALY, M.A.
 NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE, near Free Library, 10.45 and 6.30, Mr. R. PHILIPSON, B.A.
 NEWPORT, Isle of Wight, Unitarian Church, High-street, 11 and 6.30, Rev. J. RUDDLE.
 PORTSMOUTH, High-street Chapel, 11 and 6.45, Rev. G. W. THOMPSON.
 OXFORD, Manchester College, 11.30, Rev. Dr. S. H. MELLONE.
 PORTSMOUTH, St. Thomas-street, 6.45, Rev. T. BOND.
 PRESTON, Unitarian Chapel, Church-street, 10.45 and 6.30.
 SCARBOROUGH, Westborough, 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. JOSEPH WAIN.
 SHEFFIELD, Upper Chapel, 11 and 6.30, Rev. C. J. STREET, M.A., LL.B.
 SIDMOUTH, Old Meeting, High-street, 11 and 6.30, Rev. WILLIAM AGAR.
 SOUTHPORT, Portland-street Church, 11 and 6.30, Rev. R. NICOL CROSS.
 SOUTHAMPTON, Church of the Saviour, London-road, 11 and 6.30, Rev. A. R. ANDRAE.
 TORQUAY, Unity Church, Montpellier-road, 11 and 6.30, Rev. A. E. O'CONNOR, B.D.
 TUNBRIDGE WELLS, Dudley Institute, 11 and 6.30, Rev. G. B. STALLWORTHY.
 WEST KIRBY, Meeting Room, Grange-road, 11 and 6.30, Rev. H. W. HAWKES.

CAPETOWN.

Free Protestant (Unitarian) Church, Hout-street, 6.45, Rev. RAMSDEN BALMFORTH.

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BIRTH.

ODGERS.—On August 4, at 13, Gainsborough-gardens, Hampstead, N.W., the wife of Arthur William Odgers, of a daughter.

DEATHS.

ELLIS.—On August 3, at Summersbury, Edwin Ellis, J.P., of Summersbury, Shalford, near Guildford, in his 80th year.

FRANKAU.—On August 3, at a nursing home, after an operation, Gertrude Frankau, of Newmount Lodge, Windsor-terrace, Hampstead.

HEYS.—On August 2, at 39, Albert-grove, Longsight, Manchester, John Heys, in his 82nd year. Funeral services were held on August 6, at the Longsight Free Christian Church and the Manchester Crematorium.

HOLMES.—On August 5, at his residence, the Bar House, Beverley, George Alfred Holmes, eldest son of the late George Holmes, of Hull, aged 58 years.

ODGERS.—On August 4, at 13, Gainsborough-gardens, Hampstead, N.W., Rhoda Mary, the beloved wife of Arthur William Odgers, and elder daughter of Dr. A. A. and Mrs. Pranker, of Oxford.

RUSSELL.—On July 31, at 17, Vicarage-road, Edgbaston, Birmingham, after two days' illness, Thomas Hawkes Russell, aged 62.

SCOTT.—On August 4, at Bolton-le-Moors, Sir James William Scott, Baronet, of Yews, Windermere, and Beech House, Bolton.

THOMAS.—On August 4, Clara Jane Thomas, widow of William Henry Thomas, of The Chalet, Tenby, aged 76.

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Advertisements should arrive not later than Twelve o'clock on THURSDAY to appear the same week.

THE INQUIRER.

A Journal of Liberal Religion, Literature, and Social Progress.

CONTENTS.

NOTES OF THE WEEK	499	A Sunday School Diploma	506	Mr. Thomas Hawkes Russell	508
TWO ASPECTS OF RELIGION	501	BOOKS AND REVIEWS :—		Mr. Edwin Ellis	509
LIFE, RELIGION AND AFFAIRS :—		Sister Nivedita	506	Mr. John Heys	509
Hours of Insight	502	The Early Life of Mark Rutherford	506	MEETINGS AND GENERAL NEWS :—	
Mary at the Mission	503	Ancient Ideals	507	South African Notes	509
CORRESPONDENCE :—		Essays Towards Peace	507	Liverpool Boys in Camp	510
Maternity Benefit	504	FOR THE CHILDREN :—		NEWS OF THE CHURCHES	511
A Plea for Dogs	504	A Cat's Story	507	NOTES AND JOTTINGS	511
The Desire to Believe	505	MEMORIAL NOTICES :—		OUR CHESS COLUMN	512
Dr. Heinrich Lhotzky	506	Sir James W. Scott	508		

* * All letters and manuscripts for the Editor should be sent to 23, Cannon Place, Hampstead, N.W.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

THE news that peace has been concluded between Bulgaria and the other Balkan States was published on Thursday morning. On the part of Bulgaria it is simply an unwilling submission to *force majeure*. Whatever her faults and indiscretions may have been, she has been treated with great and unwarrantable harshness by her former Allies, and her humiliation is likely to cost them dear. The most competent students of the situation look forward to a campaign of intrigue and reprisal, which will lead before long to a fresh outbreak of hostilities. It is, we fear, the almost inevitable sequel to the exactions of a domineering temper, which cannot resist the temptation to sacrifice the possibilities of enduring peace to the bitter satisfaction of trampling upon a fallen foe. Meanwhile de-mobilisation has become a pressing economic necessity for all the combatants, and this can hardly take place until the Concert of Europe has dealt firmly with the Turkish re-occupation of Thrace in defiance of the Treaty of London.

* * *

WE print to-day an important communication from the Rev. R. Balmforth, of Capetown, which is calculated to produce a profound feeling of shame and disquiet. The figures, which he quotes, tell their own terrible story of misery and wrong without any embellishment from the moralist. During the ten years ending December 31, 1912, 52,205 natives died on the mines, and 16,556 were killed or injured in accidents. During the last five years 32,103 were "invalided" home. "If it were a question of a new cattle disease," Mr. Merriman said in a recent speech in the House of Assembly, "we should already have cabled to England

for an expert . . . When the death-rate in Panama during the French occupation was 50 per thousand it was the by-word of the world. By drastic measures the Americans have reduced that death-rate to less than 7 per thousand. If we could only get anywhere near these figures what an achievement that would be."

* * *

As a pertinent addendum to what Mr. Balmforth has written, we may call attention to the proceedings of the recent Miners' International Congress at Karlsbad. The discussions turned largely upon the need for better conditions of labour in the interests of health and safety. Accidents, it was stated, were increasing in Germany. In 1886 there were only 65.45 accidents per 1,000 miners, while in 1911 the proportion was 134.74 per 1,000. A statistical inquiry had also revealed the fact that it was fatigue and not drink that was chiefly responsible for the increased prevalence of accidents. Mr. Harvey, one of the British delegates, protested that the care for profits had for too long preceded the care for human life. It was useless to talk of compensation. To a family there was no compensation possible for the loss of a father or husband. This is the *fundamental human fact*, which must always be kept in the forefront of every discussion of these industrial subjects.

* * *

LONDON has been celebrating the first week of the holidays with a plethora of congresses on health. There has been the Annual Conference of the National Association for the Prevention of Consumption, at which the Prime Minister spoke on Monday; a Conference on Infantile Mortality, addressed by Mr. John Burns the same day; and the International Medical Congress, the largest meeting of the kind ever held, with a membership estimated at 7,500. In his speech on Monday Mr. Asquith gave some remarkable figures to illustrate the success of the measures taken to fight the scourge of consumption, which

claims one out of every three deaths between the ages of twenty and forty-five. In the ten years from 1871 to 1880 the average annual deaths from all forms of tuberculosis numbered about 70,000. In 1911 they had fallen to 53,000. Allowing for the increase in population these figures mean that 50,000 lives are now being saved in the course of a single year.

* * *

THE 17th International Congress of Medicine was welcomed to London at a Government banquet on Tuesday, when Lord Morley made a speech in his most delightful vein. "A generation of earnest and continuous toil, ingenuity, search, thought, invention," he said, "has produced endless discoveries in medicine, endless improvements in surgery. Medicine in the sense of your Congress covers double ground. As Huxley said—and I cannot name without regretful memory that valiant lover and finder of truth who was the good friend of so many of us here to-night—as he said at the Congress of 1881, we are so used to thinking of medicine as something necessarily connected with curative treatment that we forgot that there is such a thing as a pure science of medicine, a pathology which has no necessary subservience to practical ends. Your programme covers both—both knowledge and the application of it to the alleviation of pain, the maintenance of health, and the protraction of life. The services of medicine to surgery, and of surgery to medicine have been reciprocal, and it is not for a layman like me to say in which of the two the advance has been most wonderful. The same span of time has witnessed many a marvel in mechanics, engineering, electricity, applied chemistry, and the rest. But new truths and new expedients in medicine, the advance in pathological theory and surgical practice, may perhaps be counted the most striking marvel of them all."

* * *

CONTINUING, Lord Morley made the following felicitous reference to the inter-

national significance of the Congress:—
 “We hear much of the Concert of Europe’s benignant dreams of universal peace. The growth of mutual good-will among nations is a slow process enough. But these congresses, so numerous just now, apart from their stream of contribution to positive knowledge, apart from their indirect effects upon the common mind in setting examples of intellectual energy and concentration, in teaching that respect for standards of competence which some suspect the democracy of being inclined to overlook—apart from all that, these congresses cannot be anything but real and powerful unifying agents in a world where so much makes for disunion.”

* * *

WE cannot withhold one further quotation, in which Lord Morley combined with admirable dexterity a reference to the volume of English opinion hostile to vivisection, and a whole-hearted tribute to the humanity of the medical profession.

“Your quadrennial migrations,” he said, “expose you to grave variations of ethical climate. Here, for example, you will find running a strong volume of energetic feeling and opinion against anything like unrestricted experiments on living animals. Our time is doubtless more and more touched with the temper of Lord Bacon’s saying, ‘The nobler a soul is, the more objects of compassion it hath.’ And it is of the essence of true civilisation that it should be so. Whatever line he may take on the particular matter in dispute, at any rate we all of us have abundant evidence every day of our lives that in nobody in the world is this blessed temper more alive, more constant, more self-sacrificing than in the good physician.”

* * *

THE Congress was formally opened by Prince Arthur of Connaught on behalf of the King in the Albert Hall on Wednesday, and a special address of welcome to the foreign delegates was given by Sir Edward Grey in the name of the Government. Sir Thomas Barlow, in his presidential address, dealt in a masterly way with the progress of medical science in the development of experimental methods, the study of tropical diseases, and the magnificent triumphs of surgery in the generation which has elapsed since the Congress last met in London in 1881. In conclusion he referred to the social service of medicine in the department of Public Health.

“It is impossible,” he said, “even to enumerate the varied ways in which medicine has co-operated with economics, social legislation, and philanthropy, which we sum up briefly as public health. The schoolhouse and the scholars, the home of

the poor, the colliery and the factory, the dangerous occupations, the sunless life of the mentally deficient, have benefited, and will benefit still more, by its friendly invasion. And I venture to foretell that not many years hence every department of life and work shall be strengthened and purified and brightened by its genial and penetrating influence.”

* * *

WE are doubtful whether the decision of the House of Commons on Wednesday in regard to the Maternity Benefit under the Insurance Act is likely to be very satisfactory. In the first place, Mr. George Roberts succeeded in carrying an amendment by the narrow majority of 9, which modifies the recommendation of the Standing Committee, and enables the husband as well as the wife to give a receipt, provided that where the benefit is paid to the husband he shall pay it to the wife. Subsequently, on the motion of Lord Robert Cecil, a further amendment was carried by a majority of 21 to the effect that the husband’s receipt shall only be valid where he has been duly authorised by the wife to receive the money. It was pointed out that this clause gives an opportunity to the bad husband to bully his wife into giving him the necessary authority at a time when she is too weak to resist, and consequently it may have the precisely opposite effect to what the mover intended.

* * *

As the comments we made upon this subject of Maternity Benefit last week have been regarded as unsympathetic to the cause of women, we venture to point out that nothing was farther from our mind. It may be taken for granted too readily that every proposal which claims to be for the benefit and economic freedom of women is necessarily wise and right, even when it proceeds on the assumption that most husbands are selfish, and that especially in working-class homes the majority of wives need to be protected from their tyranny. A correspondent in the *Westminster Gazette* this week says quite plainly that maternity benefit hitherto “has been a name only; it has been paternity benefit.” This, we believe, is gross and dangerous exaggeration, and betrays a strange ignorance of the realities of working-class life. As a matter of fact, maternity benefit can never be a strictly individual thing; it is bound up with the most intimate relationships of life, and it is based ultimately on the recognition of the family as the social unit.

* * *

WE think that Mr. Ramsay Macdonald’s contention was perfectly sound when he said that the maternity benefit was trust money, which was to be spent to restore the mother to health, and to give the newly-born child a fair chance at the beginning

of life. It should not be the absolute property of either the father or the mother, for if it was he or she might misapply it. The possibility of the misapplication of the money by women seems hardly to have entered into the debate, but it is a very real danger in a limited number of cases, and it is just as much an abuse for the wife to spend part of the money in the public-house as for the husband to do so. We have to recognise that no scheme can obviate the dangers which spring directly from faults of character, short of a complete system of paternal administration by the State.

* * *

THE 16th Summer Extension Meeting was opened at Oxford last week. There is a large attendance of about 1,000 students, drawn partly by the amenities of Oxford and partly, no doubt, by the special attractiveness of the lectures, which deal specially with French history and literature. The inaugural address was given by Dr. Michael Sadler, who spoke on the subject of “French Influence on English Education.” He maintained that no other foreign influence had been so persistent and long sustained, so clarifying and at times so full of challenge to our many-sidedness as the influence of France. The phrase “secondary education” was of French origin, and the system of competitive examinations for admission to public offices might be traced in its origin to French influence. Since the end of the 18th century every great movement in the social and political thought of France had affected English educational ideas.

* * *

THE *Daily News and Leader* has found a strange subject for discussion during the holiday season in the dogma of hell. The correspondence so far has revealed the practical disappearance of the mediæval conception among people of enlightened mind and awakened conscience. Its survival among the backwoodsmen of the religious world will soon come to be regarded as a badge of heresy verging upon barbarism, like many another fetich, which has been outgrown and forgotten. The spiritual attitude of the modern Christian, both in its reticence and its trust, is well expressed by the Rev. C. Ensor Walters, of the Wesleyan Mission, in the following words:—“I cannot find any doctrine of purgatory or chance of salvation after death in the New Testament, but I do find in the New Testament the doctrine of the love of God. Holding that doctrine, I cannot believe that the loving God will do anything unjust; therefore, I am not at all concerned personally as to the future life. I am simply content in the belief that God is a loving Father and will do all things well.”

TWO ASPECTS OF RELIGION.

THERE are two very different moods in which we may approach religious questions. We may come with the simple desire of enlarging our knowledge, of clearing away ancient errors, and constructing a system of thought which will satisfy the demands of our reason. Or we may view them solely in their bearing on the spiritual life, and care little for precision of fact and severity of thought, if only the heart be lifted up to higher sentiments and the will roused to manly endeavour. In the one the intellectual interest is conspicuous, in the other the devotional. In a balanced nature they will be harmoniously combined, and contribute each to the other's life and health; but they are prone to separate, and one or the other becomes predominant in different circumstances, or at different periods of our lives.

When the intellectual side of religion takes the leading place we frame, each for himself, a body of thought, founded upon argument, and fenced against attack, in which it is possible for the mind to rest with satisfaction. We trace religion to its root in the present constitution of our nature, and we follow its slow process of development through the long reaches of history, and criticise the principal forms in which it has manifested itself in different times and regions. The historical faith to which we ourselves profess allegiance is not exempt from the searching and questioning spirit, but we ask its sacred documents to prove the validity of their origin and the genuineness of their text, and we inquire whether their contents are not of mingled value, exhibiting eternal truth only through the veil of temporary ideas and controversies.

Now, until religion thus throws itself into forms of thought, it is impossible to speak of it intelligently; for coherent speech is the expression of thought, and in order to have thoughts which are worth expressing we must think and know. There never was more need of a thorough and impartial theology than at the present day; for if numbers of cultivated men are indifferent to theology it must be because it has got out of relation to other branches of knowledge, and has not yet found its proper position within the organism of thought. It is for religious men to revive the waning interest in theology, by clothing it once more with life and power, and

showing that it conducts men into those eternal relations away from which their souls can find no rest, and exhibits those eternal principles by which human life, in all its departments, must be governed.

There are, however, signs of revolt against a state of flabby indifference, which affected to despise the sublimest themes that could engage the mind; and questions are being asked about the foundations and contents of belief, and answers are being given in all seriousness, which, if we are unable to accept, we must not reject with the fool's reason that he does not care, but with the clear-eyed understanding of reverent and truth-loving men. And may we not add that we are beguiled on in the path of knowledge by glimpses, ever and anon, of larger and higher truth than we have hitherto recognised, or of the deeper meaning of truth already partially known? To walk amid the paradise of ideas, in the contemplation of sublime conceptions, gazing even at the gorgeous ruins of systems of philosophy or religion which were reared by the exercise of men's noblest powers—this in itself braces the mind, and takes it far away from the sordid cares and petty ambitions of this earthly life; and if, with minds thus purified, we look into the face of God and see, however partially and dimly, the eternal Beauty, Truth, and Love, shall we not join with the Evangelist in placing Reason on the throne of the universe, and give thanks for its radiance which shines so calmly on our inquisitive thought?

But, nevertheless, knowledge may be the means of hiding from us the very thing which chiefly we require to know. Knowledge, in the ordinary sense, deals with the outward forms and relations of things, and by raising these to the first importance may make us blind to a more subtle expression, and to finer links of sympathy and influence. Thus we may miss the transcendent merit of ancient heroes and saints, because they were not equipped with our modern learning; or we may despise the goodness and love which are round about us now, because they linger fondly in the decaying moulds of a knowledge which is passing away. And yet to be hard and unjust is worse than ignorance; and the knowledge born of a sympathy which can penetrate the heart, and behold the Divine Spirit shining even amid the shadows of human error, is better than the learning of the schools.

Again, the appreciation of religious literature, and the perception of its significance for ourselves, may be buried in a

mass of critical details. This is indeed true of all the higher kinds of literature and art, and even of the scenes of nature. We may know all that science can tell us of a mountain region, and yet have never communed with the spirit of the mountains, or been rapt into admiring awe by their beauty and grandeur. We may have weighed the stars, and traced their orbits, and measured their distances, and yet have never yielded ourselves to the impression of their ordered magnificence; and while we think with contempt of the ancient philosopher, who saw in every orb the shining of an ethereal spirit, we have succeeded in getting a universe which is bigger in our mathematical tables, but oh! so much less in the adoration of the soul. And, coming to literature, we may know all that the critics can teach us of the rhymes of Shakespeare, and the order of his plays, and the origin of his stories, and all the time the breath of his genius may sweep by us unperceived, and the multitudinous throb of passion, waked by the master's touch on the strings of the human heart, may appeal to us in vain. So we may know all that critics and commentators can say about the Bible, and, nevertheless, that which alone gives the Bible its everlasting worth may be hidden from our eyes. Busily engaged in studying the human medium, distributing its contents along the line of history, framing into systems of theology its several types of thought, and comparing these with one another, we may forget that it is only a medium, and allow the Divine Spirit which it conveys to responsive souls to remain outside unnoticed. While engaged on the anatomy of the flesh we may let slip the incarnate Word; and, while analysing differences and contrasts, we may be deceived by our own acuteness, and fail to discover that inner unity which with secret art weaves them into the varied pattern of a single web.

May we not go further, and say that our zeal in the construction of doctrine, our scrupulous care in making our words exactly expressive of our thought, and our attention to argument and counter-argument, may divert our minds from the solemn realities which we wish to express, and leave us at the end with a formula instead of God, with a dogma instead of a vivifying grace? It is so easy to shut up within a magisterial creed the Holy Spirit that we have driven from our hearts. "The world by wisdom knew not God"; and so He found a home in the breasts of humble and unlearned men,

who could love Him, and could die for Him.

It is chiefly through meditation and prayer in the secret chamber that we must keep the fountains of our lives fresh and pure. There the Bible must be to us, not a book for the disputations of critics, but the vehicle of a living Word to ourselves, consecrated by the love of generations of men, by the tears of saints and the blood of martyrs. Then the pleadings of prophets and apostles will drop like heavenly balm upon the anguish and sin of our souls, and waters of life from the deep wells of ancient piety flow over the dry soil of our hearts, and cause the desert there to rejoice and blossom as the rose.

JAMES DRUMMOND.

LIFE, RELIGION & AFFAIRS.

HOURS OF INSIGHT.

"We cannot kindle when we will
The fire which in the heart resides;
The Spirit bloweth and is still,
In mystery our soul abides.
But tasks in hours of insight will'd
Can be through hours of gloom fulfill'd."

THE "illumination" of the mystical poets is of a different—perhaps a higher—order than the "sensible consolations" of St. Francis de Sales and the pietists. These moments of spiritual joy bestowed upon beginners in the devout life were of a subtly sensuous type, suitable rewards for the soul that had renounced the delights of the senses yet needed encouragement and comfort in the hardships of the way of holiness. The gleams of intuition described by the poet are higher raptures of the spirit rather than the soul, and are not to be desired for their pleasantness—ecstasy may indeed be "three-parts pain"—but for their meaning and truth. Joy is a good thing in any sphere—and spiritual joy is blessed because it is no mere temporal and psychic experience, but a vision of an eternal inheritance. The purpose of all spiritual "consolations" may be in one aspect an earnest of future attainments and an incentive to perseverance. But from a higher standpoint mystical ecstasy is a sudden access of strength in which the soul soars into a sphere from whence it may behold something of the divine and eternal meaning of life. These glimpses of a higher order—views from Mount Pisgah—are the most powerful factors in our lives, for it is in these hours (or more often, moments) of insight that we see not only the interpretation of past and present experiences, but also the vision of perfection that leads us on hopefully into the future.

It is impossible to reach the true illumination or mystical enlightenment by any mechanical system of rules of conduct,

mental or moral, Eastern or Western; but neither does it occur in an arbitrary or capricious manner. The laws of the spiritual life are mysterious, and the growth of the consciousness can only be approximately measured and foreseen. In theory the periods of development are distinct, and each lasts about seven years; in practice they may be hastened or retarded. They frequently overlap, and the mingling of an early and a later phase of the four stages—Purgation, Illumination, the Night of the Soul, and Union—produces an infinite variety of experiences. Illumination may come during the Purgation of the senses—it is the one alleviation of the earlier stages of the Night of the Soul in which the Will is purified—and its absence when the purgation of the senses has not been attained before the oncoming of the darkest hours of the Night may well be the reason of the occasional tragedies of mysticism. There are at least three factors in the development of the consciousness—the body, the mind or soul, and the will or spirit. The use of rules and methods is to keep these in comparative harmony, but at any moment one or the other may predominate, alter the relations, and hinder or hasten the normal rate of progress.

The development of the consciousness is the high adventure of life—the quest, the spiritual romance in which there are a thousand chances to be met and risks to be taken, yet only one High Way and one Reward—but that is the supreme joy. Anything may happen upon the journey—overthrow, imprisonment, suffering, loneliness, and also in rare cases companionship, but "The quest takes up one's life, that's all." It is different for each and every soul, though the way is always the same, for creeds may alter and symbols lapse or change their meaning, but "the states continue." The awakening of the soul is followed by the purgation of the senses and emotions, and so the eye becomes single and clear for the period of illumination, of progress, vision, happiness and recollection. This is the true beginning of the mystical way, and "hours of insight" are not merely characteristic but essential. They should be at least sub-consciously continuous even in the following stage, though they cease in the depth of darkness that precedes the attainment of union with the divine super-consciousness.

These "hours of insight" are pledges and prophecies of the future blessedness, sudden glimpses of eternal life, visions of the heavenly city. But they are of two kinds—the symbolic and the immediate. There are moments when the world itself becomes luminous, significant, even satisfying, because it is seen not merely as "The garment thou seest Him by," but as a far more intimate thing—the Sangrael, the marvellous vessel that holds His life-blood. When this is known and felt in a rapture of realisation the purpose of purgation and illumination is gained, though the process of perfecting the individual soul must continue. For even this consciousness is not the end of the way, though in a sense it is an eternal state, an entry into that sphere in which all the happenings of time and space are ever present in the memory of the Thinker.

Probably all the greater poets have reached this stage, and sing with the saints that "Heaven and earth are full of Thy glory"; but there are mystics who have yearned to know the transcendent glory in itself, the Absolute beyond manifestation.

This is the mystery of mysteries, yet we believe that spirits have attained to it during their mortal life. Between the phases of illumination and union there is the difference of symbol and sacrament, of sight and touch, of admiration and of love fulfilled. Yet it is in the ecstasy of pure contemplation, "the flight of the alone to the Alone," that many of the great mystics declare they have reached their goal. Dionysius the Areopagite may describe the ineffable, but the humble modern mystic can only speak in symbol of transcendental experiences. Thus the legend of the Sangrael in all its forms has become the sign both of vision, "illumination," and of the highest ecstasy. It represents the awakening of the spiritual sense in the depths of human personality, a quest which is a passion for the Absolute, and an attainment which results in a disappearance both of the seeker and the Sought.

In the end of the wonderful old romances, the hero—whether he be Perceval or Galahad—passes thus into the spiritual city of Sarra, and the Sangrael vanishes from earth. This conclusion seems unsatisfactory to some high-minded but unmystical commentators, as it did to the poet whose beautiful version of the legend is the only one that is known to most people. Nevertheless this passing is certainly the end and consummation of the quest, both in tradition and in mysticism. But it has its sequel in the legend of Lohengrin, the world-helper who comes from the city of the Grail to help the weak and longing souls of earth and break the spells of sin and selfishness. So the eternal circle, the perpetual drama of descending and ascending life goes on, in the manifest world of time and space, and in the immanent world of the soul; and beyond is the Sphere of Bliss, the beginning and ending and substance of all that is or seems.

Asceticism, the renunciation of the aspiring soul, should not mean the dissociation of the beauty of earth from religion. The symbolic view of nature which is the vision of the poets is a real spiritual revelation. But it is not enough to be content with a sight or even a partaking of the life that is Becoming—the soul must still aspire to the transcendent sphere of pure Being. The poets have seldom gone beyond "illumination," the vision of the Sangrael, but three or four—Dante, Browning, Walt Whitman, and Edward Carpenter—have recorded their methods and attainment, and these agree with those of the great mystics. Self-consciousness must be lost and found again in the All-consciousness, found as a transfigured and true Self, not the phantom which claimed to be the Soul and was only the shadow of the body and the vesture of the Spirit. "It is the Man-Soul made of Understanding between the Breaths; the Inward Light within the Heart. He becometh an Understanding Dream and fareth beyond this World."

These words come from the Upanishads, but they are echoed by Western mystics in their theory of the divine spark or "synteresis." "There is something in the soul" writes Eckhart, the mediæval German mystic, "which is so akin to God that it is one with Him, and not merely united with Him." So also Brown-

A spark disturbs our clod,
Nearer we hold of God,
Who gives, than of His tribes who take,
I must believe.

The method of the poets scarcely differs from that of cloistered saints, or any simple soul that walking humbly in the way of symbol, of creeds and ritual, penitence and charity, arrives at that experience of "immediacy" which is the summit of life. There is no gap, no interval of space and time, between Being and Becoming—it is one Life fulfilling all things. Raphael's unfinished "Transfiguration," with its heavenly vision upon the mountain and the pain and failure of earth below in the valley, is a symbol of deep significance. There is the contrast between heavenly joy and earthly sorrow; but the two aspects of life are not incongruous, for the suffering of the world can only be helped by the healing power of the spirit. "I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help," wrote the Psalmist; for it is from "hours of insight" upon the heights of Pisgah and Tabor that the world-helpers return to our valley of humiliation.

M. F. HOWARD.

MARY AT THE MISSION.

WHEN I first saw young Mrs. Larry Conneely Pat, she put me strangely in mind of a picture I once saw, a Madonna by some old Italian artist—I have forgotten which.

I had better explain her name. I call her, for convenience, just Mollie; but she has a fair right to the lengthy appellation set forth above. It also is used for convenience. There being many Conneelys in the parish, to say "Mrs. Conneely," or even "Mrs. Larry Conneely," is scarcely sufficient; for Larry, her husband, has many namesakes. So the name of his father is tacked on—Pat, to wit. After all, it's just a primitive kind of hyphenated title, such as the bigger world employs.

But by whatever name she is designated does not matter to me so much as the resemblance Mollie bore to that old Madonna, as she stood in the doorway of her cabin, shy and slender, with her first baby in her arms. All the long-dead-and-gone artist had wanted to express were there—wistfulness shining forth from big dark eyes, patient humility, and the proud and tender grace of young motherhood, as she looked down at the child sleeping upon her heart.

Then the colouring; it also was reminiscent of the picture. The cabin roof, gloriously golden with a new straw thatch; her dress of crimson home-spun, warm and glowing—all her own spinning and dyeing

and weaving, too; the 'kerchief of blue tied over her head, the whole softened and idealised by the magic of the atmosphere of the West.

Let me be quite honest. In this instance that magic was partly attributable to the turf smoke that just then was filling the doorway with a fragrant, grey-blue haze. For Mollie's chimney is faulty, so the door obligingly helps out with the work it is unable to accomplish, and it doesn't be too bad at all, only when the wind is in the east, or in the west, I forget which. But the smoky point must be that of the prevailing wind. I seldom pass Mrs. Larry Conneely Pat's without seeing that cloud hanging about its entrance.

And I have known her and it now for several years. That first baby had had several successors; and while each child is welcomed with the same soft-voiced mother-love, each little claimant thereof seems to rob Mollie of yet another young charm, so that now her only remaining loveliness lies in her big eyes; and let me mention also the expression of gentle devotion that shows in the downward curve of her pathetic mouth. It is not an easy life for Mollie, with a husband and so many little ones to cook for, to wash and mend for; and with such a very little money to do all with, too. And Mrs. Larry Conneely Pat is only just five-and-twenty now.

"You'd have to pity poor Mollie sometimes," says her cousin Bridget, cook and factotum at the Big House, and general purveyor of friendly gossip, "if you seen her the way she was this morning, when I looked in to pass her the time of day, and I on me way to the Mission. There she was by the fire, striving to bath the baby, and Billy, the next littlest child, turned contrary 'on' her, and she had to keep him on her lap along with the infant the way he wouldn't be bawling. She that looked as betten as the road, she was that hot and tired. But it's her own fault, the way she has the childher spoilt! Too impident them all are; all wanting the father to take them to the Mission with himself, and crying because he can't. And even Mollie herself cried a sackful this morning, telling me how that she can't get to go herself. And what has her worse is to hear them all talking about it, and she having to stop at home. A grand Missioner they have this time, in troth! You'd never be tired listening to him. And the good adviser of a man that he is! warning the boys against the drink, and all to that; has them taking the pledge.—And the lovely appearance there is upon the whole place! The altars all done out with flowers and candles! The sight would leave your eyes, the way the Blessed Mother is adorned.—And the very street outside all bowers and arches of green. And the whole country-side does be thronging there, the same as to a wake—ay, or a fair. You know, Miss," explained Bridget, "it being May that is the month of Mary, it's then the Mission does be held, when it's easy to get flowers and green boughs—"

"And is it that Mollie can't get to go!"

It seemed a pity she should be shut off from a pleasure so innocent.

"Sure, how can she leave that houseful of childher?"

"If that's all that's stopping her, you can have a few hours off to take her place."

"I'm thankful to you, Miss;" thus Bridget, but doubtfully. A pause, and then, "It's what poor Mollie is ashamed to be going out foreinst the people in that blue handkerchief, and her hat is destroyed on her! A holy show it is, since last Candlemas, when she got drowned wet in the heavy polthers of rain and she coming home from Mass. And she has ne'er a hat, only the one, Miss."

(It is to be observed that this explanation was only given under protest, as it were. Bridget has never been known to perform the feat known among us as "making a poor mouth" on behalf of any of her many and extremely needy relatives, let alone for herself.)

I think it was Mrs. Carlyle who said that sometimes the wish for a thing leads to its realisation, even in the face of apparently insurmountable obstacles. Her desire, if I remember right, was for a sofa; and it materialised duly. Bridget's was less pretentious. It was to provide Mollie with a hat, and thus enable her to go happily forth to take part in the May celebrations. With this aspiration I sympathised strongly. It was comforting to find that young, much-harassed mother still capable of being interested in a thing so mundane as a hat. It made her seem not so far away. I shared the wish, yes! but it was Bridget who, without any searchings of mind and motive, or requiring any explanations, it was she who achieved the thing. A derelict hat, left behind by some young visitor who hadn't thought it worth taking away, was produced; was brushed and sponged and cunningly touched up; and then adorned with Bridget's Sunday ribbon. Bridget has a quite remarkable gift in millinery. The effect was quite stylish, we pronounced.

"Mollie that was proud out of the hat!" Bridget reported when she came home that evening; "it became her well, and she went off to the Chapel in the greatest of heart. Of course it was a long ways she had to go; the weighty end of five miles; and she was disappointed about getting carrit in the ass cart that was going with all the young Murphys from the cross-roads; for hadn't they started out long before poor Mollie thought. She's innocent; has no sense that way. But anyway, she got to the Chapel walking, and when she did, Katty the Bell—she that rings the bell there, you know, Miss—well, Katty took notice how that Mollie was very white in the face. So she spoke to the Missioner, and he took Mollie the very first. A very nice, gay priest he is; gave her tea and cake along with himself after, and that heartened her up. She says she never felt the road long and she coming back; even says it done her a power of good. And, indeed, she appeared very happy and riz up in herself, when she got home. Sure a body likes to be as good as another!" which I suppose to be connected somehow with the American phrase, "feeling good."

It doesn't often occur with Mrs. Larry Conneely Pat, to be at all complacent. I think it can only help her, that mild form of recreation known among us as the "Mission." Indeed, how could

it do otherwise, seeing the way it came about that she went to the Mission was through so kind a thought as Bridget's? "As good as another!" Nay, in the ordinary sense of that much-misused word, considerably better than most are Bridget and her cousin, Mrs. Larry Conneely Pat.

K. F. PURDEN.

CORRESPONDENCE.

The Editor is not responsible for the opinions expressed by correspondents. LETTERS CANNOT BE INSERTED WITHOUT THE WRITER'S NAME, and all private information should be accompanied by the name and address of the senders.

MATERNITY BENEFIT.

SIR,—Your note in THE INQUIRER of August 2 on the question of maternity benefit in the Insurance Act Amendment Bill seems somewhat at variance with the sympathetic line generally taken by you on questions affecting women, and, moreover, seems to be based on a misconception of the facts. The action taken by the Women's Co-operative Guild, an organisation of more than 29,000 working women (almost entirely married women), in pressing for an amendment to secure that maternity benefit be the property of the mother and be paid direct to her, seeks to secure, in fact, what was the intention of the Act itself. Maternity benefit was intended for the wife, and any abuse of this intention, and, however small, justifies a modification in the Act. But the point of abuse has not been unduly pressed. To judge from fresh facts that come to light day by day it has rather been considerably understated. In a paper read by Dr. Chalmers, M.O.H., Glasgow, at the conference on infantile mortality, he says: "Abuse of the benefit money is unhappily very common. Cases are numerous in which the husband receives the entire 30s., and spends it in liquor, while in many cases the receipt of benefit has resulted in one or two weeks of unemployment for the husband. Sometimes, in anticipation of the benefit, the man stops work and has been known to refuse work when offered it."

But apart from these practical considerations the Women's Co-operative Guild feel that a principle is involved. The 4d. contribution paid out of the husband's wages is in part contributed by the wife's work in the home, which must not be ignored just because it is unpaid; and, above all, the securing of the maternity benefit as the wife's property would be a valuable recognition of her position as administrator of the household finance. An appeal for signatures to a memorial to Members of Parliament on these lines produced nearly 700 names in six days of women whose experience and position entitles their opinions to respect. To judge by the feeling that has been roused in the country it would seem that the case needs only to be stated to be approved. The ready acquiescence of working-men when consulted shows that they do not feel any "slur" to be involved; those

who do are possibly the very men from whom protection may be needed.

Unfortunately, the five members of the Labour Party who are members of the Standing Committee, taking a different view from that of the Labour Party as a whole, favour an amendment to give to either the husband or the wife the right of signing for the benefit. But this is partially to give the woman's case away. It would not give her the protection when she needs it, and it would conduce to friction in the home by giving power to discriminate as between husband and wife to officials of Approved Societies.

Before you go to press the point will be decided. It is greatly to be hoped that the House of Commons will endorse on the Report Stage the decision of the Committee, and defeat an amendment which in practice would largely undermine the position so gallantly fought for and won in Committee for women by women in the last few weeks.—Yours, &c.,

JANET CASE.

5, Windmill-hill, Hampstead,
August 4, 1913.

A PLEA FOR DOGS.

SIR,—Mr. Stephen Paget has no doubt that experiments performed upon living dogs are calculated to benefit dogs, as well as men, on the whole; but Mr. Mott would prefer to select cats for this painful service, apparently because they are so cruel that it would serve them right.

Neither argument is new. Both were familiar to the "Rationalist" school of physicians (opposed to the "Empiricists") in the time of Celsus. But they pushed them more boldly than your correspondents do. They urged that *post mortem* dissections of men were all very well, but that "Herophilus and Erasistratus who got certain kings to hand over criminals out of their prisons to them, to dissect alive," did very much better. Celsus summarises the line of argument taken by these Rationalists to prove the superiority of this method of investigation, and concludes, "and they say that there is nothing in the general idea that it is cruel to inflict suffering upon a few criminals for the sake of discovering remedies for whole tribes of innocent people throughout the ages."—Yours, &c.,

PHILIP H. WICKSTEED.

Childrey, August 2, 1913.

SIR,—Mr. Stephen Paget seems quite unable to grasp the idea of individual justice or individual mercy. He argues that the prohibition of vivisection of dogs would "inflict in the long run far more pain, disease and death than it would avert." Everybody will agree that, in some respects at least, men differ from animals. Supposing investigations were made into these differences, human vivisection might occasionally be necessary. Supposing, again, the experience led to greater knowledge of the purely human peculiarities, it is conceivable that this might lead to some surgical advance. Here, then, we have a case in which the forbidding of such experiments would, in

Mr. Paget's words, "in the long run inflict far more pain, disease and death than it would avert." Why should we decide to avoid the present pain and let the future pain take care of itself? Simply because it would be unfair to make the man of to-day suffer in the hope of benefiting many men of the future. The same applies to dogs. It is no argument to state that by giving healthy dogs distemper you can learn how to treat distemper (as if the natural disease were not there, affording far more reliable data). Why should the individual dog be victimised for a lot of other dogs? Moreover, the results of experiments on dogs are highly unsatisfactory. According to the *Yorkshire Weekly Times* of July 12, there is hardly a single dog-fancier to be found who advocates the inoculation treatment for distemper.

As to the claim that the vivisection of dogs in particular is necessary to safeguard men against disease and death, it may be taken *cum grano salis*. I daresay Mr. Paget would say the same of the hedgehog or the elephant, if some enterprising vivisector had chosen to plead for the latter animals. (Hedgehogs are used—elephants no doubt would be if they could be secured cheaply.)—Yours, &c.,

BEATRICE E. KIDD,

Secretary, British Union for Abolition
of Vivisection.

32, Charing Cross, S.W.,
August 6, 1913.

SIR,—I have not seen Mr. Galsworthy's letter, but I have read with interest your extracts from it, and also Mr. J. Mott's short letter suggesting the use of cats for purposes of experiment instead of dogs. Mr. Galsworthy's letter is good as far as it goes, but Mr. Mott's touches the two roots of the matter. First there is that huge *If—if vivisection is necessary*. Secondly, let us make use of cats instead of dogs, because dogs are our friends, and cats don't care for us or we for them, and they eat little birds and keep us awake at night.

To take the great *If* first, Mr. Stephen Paget says that to his thinking it is certain that experiments on dogs have been and will be necessary; and he tells us that he does not doubt that the prevention of experiments on dogs would inflict on man and dogs more disease than it would avert. Surely Mr. Paget ought to know, for he is secretary to a society that has come into existence for the very purpose of defending experiments on living animals. It is called the *Research Defence Society*; but there is no other form of "Research" that has ever been attacked, and it is perfectly certain that if there had been no experiments on living animals, or if no attack had been made upon such experiments there would never have been a "Research Defence Society." So here we have the opinion of a scientific man, who is the secretary of a society for the defence of vivisection. Surely he must know.

But then Dr. Hadwen is also a scientific man, president of a society that exists for the purpose of the abolition of experiments on living animals. And he will tell

you that he not merely thinks, but that he *knows* that these experiments are *not* necessary to the well-being either of dogs or men, just as certainly as he knows that slavery in the Southern States of America was not necessary in order that the sugar and cotton plantations might be cultivated; that it is not necessary that we should flog our soldiers and sailors in order to maintain discipline in the army and navy, and prevent them from running away from a Frenchman or a German; that it is not necessary to hang little children for thieving, in order that property may be reasonably secure; and that it is not necessary to stretch men and women on the rack, or burn them in Smithfield, in order to save the Christian Church.

The experts in these matters, the men on the spot actually concerned in the matter, and knowing all about it, were the planters, magistrates, and senators of the Southern States, the officers in the army, the judges and lawyers, the Pope and cardinals, and the whole office of the Holy Inquisition. And all these "experts" *thought* that such things were *necessary*. But the people who knew that they were not necessary were a number of Quakers and others in the Northern States; a parson whom even the Unitarians had practically driven out of their body for his heresies; a newspaper editor; a parson's wife, who stirred up intolerable animosity against the slave owners and traders by a work of fiction; a Unitarian poet, and a lot of meddlesome people in England who actually succeeded in putting a stop to the trade which supplied the slaves from Africa to the American market. I won't trouble your readers at the same length with the other instances. Let them look up the particulars of the debates on the abolition of flogging if they are interested, and choose their own heroes of the Reformation and the subsequent defence of Religious Liberty. The abolition of capital punishment for offences for which we now send children to a reformatory, or deal with them even more leniently, and therefore more wisely than that, was not due to the expert judges and lawyers.

The more humane methods have been due to those who have known that slavery, and hangings, and burnings, and floggings are cruel and unjust, and that cruelty and injustice are *not necessary*. So there are some of us now who know that the deliberate infliction of pain and suffering on a countless multitude of animals is not necessary for the health of man; and that there are other and better ways of dealing with diseases than cultivating them and inoculating with them, and we dismiss the great If to the limbo of other long-forgotten ifs.

For those of us who hold this conviction the question as between dogs or cats does not arise; but to those who are not yet convinced, let me just add that the other root of the question which Mr. Mott's letter touches is the tendency to spare those whom we love at the cost of those whom we do not love or do not care about. This danger is constantly arising in regard not only to vivisection, but also all manner of other matters. It is incapable of being justified or defended, and I will not now discuss it further than to say that it is bad in itself, and will not

in this case help us out of our difficulty, or provide the required material. For, after all, some of us love cats, notwithstanding the fact that they eat birds. For myself I confess that I like to lie awake and listen to them at night; and I love the birds, though they eat snails and worms; and I even love the snails and worms themselves, and, indeed, all animals, except, perhaps, cockroaches and tarantulas, and the lesser parasites, and they do not serve any useful purpose, so far as I know, for medical research, and I would not torture even them.—Yours, &c.,

FRANCIS H. JONES.

August 5, 1913.

SIR,—Mr. Mott's letter in your last issue goes far to justify the attitude of those humanitarians who hesitate to support a Bill exempting dogs alone from vivisection. Here is a member of a society for the prevention of Cruelty to Animals, allowing his pity for his mangled birds so to obscure his apprehension of the principles of his society that he is ready to view with feelings that seem to approach complacency the handing over of cats, bred up in domesticity, to sufferings that may be far more severe, and far more prolonged than their bird victims have endured! Every dog-lover will be ready to support Mr. Galsworthy's contention that the dog has a unique claim upon our protection and sympathy, and to agree that his abandonment to the tortures of what Mr. Stephen Paget euphemistically terms "research" constitutes a peculiarly glaring breach of trust. But if the exemption of dogs is to make us forget our duties of protection towards other helpless animals, the whole cause of humanity may be put back rather than advanced. A safer measure to support as an instalment of mercy and justice would be the Bill to be proposed in accordance with suggestions from the recent Royal Commission on Vivisection, to exempt from experiment dogs, cats, horses, donkeys, and the higher anthropoid apes.

It is only fair to note that Mr. Mott, in suggesting the substitution of cats for dogs, writes "if vivisection is necessary." One is glad to be able to assure him that there is an increasing volume of opinion, supported by the earnest belief of many eminent doctors and surgeons, that vivisection, so far from being helpful, is misleading and dangerous. Again and again in the history of the practice, we find some loudly vaunted "cure" withdrawn as disastrous in its effects, some new method, which was to work wonders, utterly discredited by its exponents. A striking example of mistakes through vivisection is given by Sir Frederick Treves, himself a vivisector. He writes: "Many years ago I carried out on the Continent sundry operations on the intestines of dogs; but such are the differences between the human and canine bowel that when I came to operate upon man, I found I was much hampered by my new experience, that I had everything to unlearn, and that my experiments had done little but unfit me to deal with human intestines." Medical evidence can only be sifted properly by medical men, but when some illustrious expert, of authority as great in his own

department as Sir Frederick Treves in his, is extolling the wonders of some new treatment, the cautious layman will remember how often boasts as confident of benefits derived from vivisection have had to be withdrawn.

But the Anti-Vivisectionist takes his stand on firmer ground than any that can be upset by expert pronouncements of its material value. He condemns vivisection, not primarily because it is avowedly apt to be misleading, nor because he holds it to be useless, but because he believes it to be against those instincts of goodness and mercy that alone give dignity to manhood, those principles of humanity that make for real progress and civilisation. Yours, &c.,

EMILY COX.

Fallowfield, Manchester,

August 5, 1913.

[We can only print a selection of the letters which we have received on this subject this week.—ED. OF INQ.]

THE DESIRE TO BELIEVE.

SIR,—In a recent number of the *Revue des Deux Mondes* some interesting letters have appeared, written a few years ago by M. Edmond Rousse to M. Carraby. The letters are often witty, always genial, sometimes touching. Here is a passage which betrays the stress of soul and need for assurance with which so many of us in England, and in all churches, are familiar. It is a passage worth preserving, and not the less so for its personal touch here and there.—Yours, &c.,

EDWARD S. HOWSE.

Bath, August 3, 1913.

[TRANSLATION.]

"At our age we have no longer the right to pick and choose; we ought to thank God for all the evils which we do not suffer from. Thank God! These words coming to me thus by chance recall what you write about your *condition of soul*, as our psychological novelists say, about the sufferings, anxieties, torments of your disturbed heart, about those sad conflicts in which your reason fights, as you say, against the faith of your childhood, and against the holy beliefs of the good souls who pray for you. Alas! my friend, your trouble is my own; it is the trouble of all the men of our time, I mean of all those who are not utterly taken up with the common wants of each day, the debasing anxiety about money and business, the low passions and servile ambitions of this world, of all those who are worthy to think and to suffer. I, too, think and suffer. I believe and doubt in turn. . . . It is too late to hope for the complete comforting of a heart which is not willing to grow old, and of a soul which, like yours, has never known repose. But what I firmly believe, for yourself as for myself, is that the *desire* to believe, the *will* and the *passion* to believe, will count for much in the judgment we shall have to undergo some day. Every evening, before the chair where my sainted mother sat, before the bed where my father died, and where thinking of them I go to sleep, I kneel and I *pray*, if it is prayer

to let the soul mount up towards the infinite space, where I seek, where I cry out, where my despairing thought feels the boundless might of the unknown Being who holds the universe in the hollow of His hand. And when I have finished my dreaming, weeping stupidly, sometimes crying out like a child, I calm myself with the old prayer, and mutter 'Our Father which art,' out of the Gospel, until sleep or some literary recollection comes and mixes up all my thoughts and puts the tumult to rest. To find God. My friend, I believe, like you, that this would be the sovereign happiness. But to seek Him, sincerely, passionately, with a humble heart and strong desire, is this really nothing? Would not you choose your suffering in preference to the empty happiness of so many, who have never thought of anything beyond their lawsuit, their business, or their pleasures, and will never know what it is to doubt or to believe?

"This is my little sermon. Your great friend, Père Didon, would not perhaps find it quite orthodox, but I feel sure he would not condemn it too severely. . . In default of anything better, remember the fine words of Musset, *L'Espoir en Dieu*, and the two lines on Prayer ending the poem:—

"Si les cieux sont déserts, nous
n'offensons personne;
Si quelqu'un nous entend, qu'il nous
prenne en pitié."

DR. HEINRICH LHOTZKY.

SIR,—In the interesting account in last week's INQUIRER of the International Congress of Liberal Religion in Paris, Dr. Lhotzky is referred to as "of the Hungarian Unitarian Church." That is a slip. He belongs to Germany. Born 1859, at Claussnitz in Saxony, and brought up under Moravian influence, he was for some years pastor of the German Colony in Bessarabia, and then in the Crimea. His home is now at Ludwigshafen on Lake Constance. Dr. Lhotzky's address on "God and the Religions" at the Berlin Congress in 1910 is included in the English volume of the Proceedings. The biographical article in "Religion in Geschichte und Gegenwart" from which the above particulars are taken, finds some affinity with Trine's "In Tune with the Infinite," in Lhotzky's writings.—Yours, &c.,

V. D. DAVIS.

Bournemouth, August 5.

A SUNDAY SCHOOL DIPLOMA.

SIR,—In your issue of July 26, Mr. Chalmers announces the decision of the Sunday School Association to issue a diploma for attendance, or for conduct, or for both. There may be some who, through not wanting to appear disagreeable, acquiesce in the giving of prizes for good conduct, but who nevertheless do disagree. I am afraid the practice is too firmly fixed to abolish it, but to limit the diploma to these two achievements would also limit its value. In a way it is paying the children to come to school, and it is giving them sweets to be good, both very questionable devices for

promoting the work for which Sunday schools exist, and which we should all repudiate if they were in the form of money and chocolates. As I do not think any word of mine can alter the system, I only offer the suggestion that the diploma be primarily for distinction in religious knowledge, and let the attendance and conduct take second place. I believe the Manchester Association do grant certificates in connection with annual examinations upon the little text books they issue. A leaf out of their book would be serviceable.

Yours, &c.,

RICHARD NEWELL.

Newbury,

August 4, 1913.

BOOKS AND REVIEWS.

SISTER NIVEDITA.

Studies from an Eastern Home. By the Sister Nivedita (Margaret E. Noble). London: Longmans, Green & Co. 3s. 6d. net.

READERS who felt the sympathetic insight and charm of "The Web of Indian Life" will turn eagerly to this new volume, and possibly they will value it chiefly for the particulars which it gives of the life and spiritual experience of the gifted author in the prefatory memoir by Mr. S. R. Ratcliffe, and the short tributes by Professor Patrick Geddes, Mr. Nevinson, Professor Cheyne, and Mr. Rabindranath Tagore. All of them use the highly figurative expressions, verging upon poetry, which suggest—they cannot describe—the elusive fascination of a highly gifted soul. In its events the life of Margaret Noble was quite simple. Born at Dunganannon in Co. Tyrone in 1867, she passed into the teaching profession with high and original ideals of her own, and in 1892 she opened a girls' school at Wimbledon. Three years later she met the Swami Vivekananda, and after a period of critical opposition became an enthusiastic disciple of his Vedantist teaching. Her conversion meant a call, which could not be denied, to dedicate her life to the service of women and girls in India. She went out in 1898, was admitted to the Order of Ramakrishna, and henceforward was known by the name of Nivedita (the Dedicated). In face of great difficulties she started a school in the Hindu quarter of Calcutta, dividing her time between its humble calls of duty and the not less needful task of interpreting the thought and need of India in England and America. She died at Darjeeling in October, 1911.

And now two years after her death Mr. Ratcliffe writes of her in these terms:—"There could be no partial surrender with her; she gave herself utterly. Accepting the lot of the Indian woman, living as her neighbours lived, in a little native house severely devoid of all inessentials, she worked among them in all seasons—when the splendid cold weather of Bengal gave place to the terrific heat, and this in turn to the rains which every year made the narrow streets of the quarter into rivulets. 'Never have I known such complete self-effacement,' wrote her closest Indian

woman friend. '... She was never as an outsider who came to help, but one of us who was striving and groping about to find salvation.'"—Mr. Nevinson writes: "It is as vain to describe Sister Nivedita in two pages as to reduce fire to a formula and call it knowledge. There was, indeed, something flame-like about her, and not only her language, but her whole vital personality often reminded me of fire." "Of all nobly sympathetic natures she was among the finest. She identified herself with the Indians among whom she lived as barely half-a-dozen men or women from these islands have done before."—"I have not noticed in any other human being," says Mr. Tagore, "the wonderful power that was hers of absolute dedication of herself. In her own personality there was nothing which could stand in the way of this utter self-dedication. . . He who has seen her has seen the essential form of man, the form of the spirit." Words like these, so deeply felt, so evidently sincere, impart a fresh touch of beauty to the descriptive studies of Indian life which follow. Nothing created by such a soul could be without some quality of rarity and distinction.

THE EARLY LIFE OF MARK RUTHERFORD (W. Hale White), by Himself. London: Humphrey Milford, Oxford University Press. 2s. 6d. net.

THIS slight volume contains some autobiographical fragments, written by Mark Rutherford in the closing years of his life for the use of his own family. We doubt whether his daughter has been well advised in disregarding the last sentence of the manuscript, "these notes are not written for publication, but to please two or three persons related to me by affection." We say this not because they contain anything private or indiscreet, but simply because they add nothing of moment to what he has revealed already in the intimate confessions of his books. Apart from two letters by Ruskin and another by Charles Kingsley there is little in these pages of general interest. Most educated men with a gift of reminiscence could write as pleasantly about their boyhood for their own children. There is the strain of discontent with his early religious surroundings, familiar to us in his other books, and the description of religious habits and observances, seldom erring on the side of kindness, which betray the aloofness of his own mind rather than the desire to understand the serious convictions of other people. "I was taken to a religious service, morning and evening, and understood nothing. The evening was particularly trying. The windows of the meeting-house streamed inside with condensed breath, and the air we took into our lungs was poisonous. Almost every Sunday some woman was carried out fainting." Was this all that was worth remembering, we wonder? Probably there were other children there, who forgot the poisonous air and even the excitement of the fainting women, in the mysterious sense of the presence of God and the dimly-felt beauty of the Bible words. If they had written memorials of their childhood they would

have had a very different tale to tell. Far better than this vein of religious sarcasm is the description of his father—"His portrait, erect, straightforward-looking, firmly standing, one foot a little in advance, helps me and decides me when I look at it. Of all types of humanity the one which he represents would be the most serviceable to the world at the present day." This is Mark Rutherford at his best. He could interpret character with a singular clearness of insight when reverence and affection were his natural allies.

ANCIENT IDEALS. By Henry Osborn Taylor, Litt.D. New York: The Macmillan Company. 2 vols., 21s. net.

THE interest aroused by his fine study of the Mediæval Mind has, no doubt, encouraged Dr. Taylor to re-issue an earlier work on Ancient Ideals, originally published in 1896. We are not sure that he has been quite fair to his own reputation as a scholar in doing so, for it is far from being the equal of the later book. He has, moreover, renounced the task of revision, feeling, perhaps rightly, that to do it at all adequately would have meant the re-writing of whole chapters. He apologises in his preface for the absence of any reference in the text to the discoveries in Crete; but he might with equal justice have mentioned his failure to make use of recent research into the thought of Judaism and the conflict of paganism with nascent Christianity. Books like Dr. Charles' series of works on Jewish Apocalyptic, Wendland *Die Hellenistisch-römische Kultur*, and Reitzenstein, *Die Mysterienreligionen*, to name only a few of primary importance, cannot be ignored with impunity by any writer who tries to give some adequate account of the intellectual and spiritual syncretism of the time. The absence of any bibliography and the meagre references to authorities in the notes, especially in the second volume, will also detract from the value of the book for careful students. We feel bound to mention these things, for Dr. Taylor has set a high standard in these matters elsewhere, and "Ancient Ideals" has claims to be a serious and independent contribution to the history of thought.

ESSAYS TOWARDS PEACE. London: Watts & Co. 9d. net.

THIS little volume, which is issued by the Rationalist Peace Society, contains an introduction by Mrs. Bradlaugh Bonner, and four essays by Mr. John M. Robertson, M.P., Professor Westermarck, Mr. Norman Angell, and Mr. S. H. Swinny. Those who make for peace are often set down by their opponents as mere sentimentalists, because they allow spiritual ideals to ennoble their judgment; here the military spirit is brought to the bar of dispassionate reason, and its condemnation is not less severe. Mr. Norman Angell, writing on "War as the failure of Reason," reiterates his familiar position that the militarist is a stupid person who is hostile to his own interest. Professor Westermarck's essay on "Christianity

and War," abridged from his discussion of the subject in *The Origin and Development of the Moral Ideas*, should be read with a good deal of searching of heart by all professing Christians. They will find it hard to refute the glaring falsity exposed in the following sentence: "The attitude adopted by the great Christian congregations towards war has been, and is still to a considerable degree, that of sympathetic approval." All these writers have a splendid confidence in the victories of human reason over the superstitions of the past. They believe that "it is for those who are in a special sense the guardians of human reason to show themselves the defenders of the brotherhood of Man and the steadfast supporters of human unity." The weakness of their position lies in their severely intellectual method of approach. It is not enough to prove that righteousness is the only rational course for sensible men to take. We need the constant appeal to the affections, the conquering emotions of religious faith, to transform logic into life. But in saying this we do not wish to depreciate in any way the significance of the rationalist plea for charity and peace. There are multitudes of men who still need to be convinced by a cold douche of argument that reason is on the side of the angels.

FOR THE CHILDREN.

A CAT'S STORY.

Do you love cats? I don't ask if you like us, if you are kind to us, if you feed us, and keep us in sickness and in health. Even the unregenerate do as much. There's Granda, who says: "I am fond of cats—in their place—but I don't allow them on the table." And there's Granny, who severely adds: "And I don't hold with letting cats sleep on the beds." Now my young mistress loves me. She considers my very sensitive feelings on every possible occasion. She knows that the treatment deservedly administered to dogs and things would be very unjust if applied to delicate, dainty and demure beings as we are. With her I dare assume my true nature. When I jump up on the table, she understands. "Waz the darling pet lonely down there? Duz ye ikkle fuzzy-wozzy want some cream?" And when I find her bedroom door open early in the morning, and come on the bed to greet her, she perceives with that ready wit, characteristic of thoroughbreds, that it is for love of her I do it, and lets me lie in the softest, warmest part of the bed.

I have one bitter grievance. I don't like my name. They call me "Peter," if you please. And why do you think? Because another they had went by that name. His full name was Peter Pan, because he would not grow up. And I, who have grown up, who am thirty months old and weigh thirteen pounds, I am to have his name, wear his cast-off. Why shouldn't I have a name all my very own? My Persian friend next door whom, alas,

I never see now, was called Lulu. That is what I regard as an euphonious and appropriate feline appellation. There's distinction in it, and I am quite as distinguished as Lulu. In fact, I have heard my mistress make certain comparisons, which, were it not for my habitual modesty, might have flattered me. But the name Peter! Pah!

I must tell you how I never see my companion Lulu now. For some days there had been an awful upset in the house. At first it was fun. Packing cases to play hide-and-seek in. Straw to tumble about in. But by-and-by I missed my familiar perches and roosting-places, if you will permit such a vulgarism or birdism. Everything got topsy-turvy, and that peace we ever pursue became impossible. Little did I suspect when they coaxed me into a basket-work box what it would mean. We got into a huge kennel on wheels, and very soon I was nearly driven made with fright, for I found the kennel was alive, and ran fast snorting and fizzing like some huge monster. I hid my head in the cushion for a while, and when I looked out the houses were all in the air, flying away from us furiously. At last we stopped, and how thankful I was. But, alas! it was but the beginning of my troubles. For now we got into a very small padded house, with windows each end. Here my mistress took me out, and my first thought was how to get out through the window and back home. But when I looked through the window, the whole country was playing mad-dog. The house we were in rocked and rumbled, and the fields flew away past us faster than ever Lulu and I raced each other down the garden. By-and-by the racket stopped. I was allowed to look out through the window, and there I saw a standing-still bit of earth, which I dearly wanted to get off upon, but my legs were held fast—not to mention the fact that a lot of excited people were rushing to and fro, banging doors, whistling and creating all forms of disturbance which they might know the feline constitution is too fine to endure. But bipeds have no consideration for their superiors. Once again the landscape began to move; all sorts of hiding-hedges and hunting-fields came along, but would not wait long enough to take me with them. I can't tell how long it was—this terrible nightmare. And I received no sympathy when I set up a mild protesting wawl.

If they would only explain what was happening in cat-language—but the cream-providing, fish-cooking human world is sadly limited in intelligence. It requires more than nine lives comfortably to survive the terrors through which I passed. At last I was set down in a new home. I went all over it. Nowhere any familiar scent. I was led at the end of a long tether through the garden. But it was not the old grass, not the old paths. Everything was strange and alien. The endurance of endless electric shocks had brought me only this desolation.

I then made a vow. At the first opportunity I would fare forth and seek the familiar places, the hunting-grounds I was used to. What are fish and cream, what are my mistress' affectionate caresses when a cat's sentiment is violated? I had to wait a whole week for my chance. At

last it came. It was evening. I was free. Beyond the hawthorn hedge were fields. Beyond the fields were perhaps the well-known nooks. Off I went. Something in me told the direction I should go. On and on I went. How like were the hedges, but they were not the hedges I knew. How like the cornfields, and the cornerake's cry, where Lulu and I had stalked together, yet these were not they. Dawn came. Human noises began. I hid myself all day. As soon as night came on I started again. My first obstacle was a sheet of water. Water is all very well for ducks, but—How was I to cross the duckway? It took some trouble to find a way, but I saw an iron roof over it, upon which I passed over. On again, getting more hungry, more tired, but feeling sure that there, just beyond the hedge would be the well-known desired place. But I never was able to reach it. After some days I made up my mind not to try any more. I would go back the way I came, the only way I knew. It took me long to retrace. Water and an occasional fledgling is poor fare to one who has known what I have known, and affords little stay on a strenuous journey. I found the strange new house, and what a welcome I got! My dear mistress cried hard over me, and hugged me very tight. Said I was so light. Asked me how I had the heart to leave her. Made me promise not to do it again. After all it was worth doing for the really charming treatment that I have received since. I am exceedingly comfortable at this time, thank you; though I have pangs of home-sickness, and can't help wondering what's become of Lulu. But taking all things into consideration, I think I will stick to my mistress in spite of the strange house and the strange people around it. Yet blessed are all kittens who grow up and die in the place of their birth. In the Cat's Heaven world there are surely no removals, no train journeys.

J. T. D.

MEMORIAL NOTICES.

SIR JAMES W. SCOTT.

THE announcement of the death of Sir James William Scott, Bart., of Beech House, Bolton, and Yews, Windermere, will be received with deep regret, and with a special note of personal sorrow by those with whom he was closely associated in religious faith and philanthropic work. He died at his home in Bolton last Monday after three days' illness. We are indebted to the *Manchester Guardian* for the following admirable account of his career:—

James William Scott was born in Manchester on June 23, 1844, the son of John George Schott (the name was anglicised by his children), who came to Manchester from Frankfort and settled here as a merchant. A register compiled in 1587, and still in possession of the family, traces the pedigree some generations before that date, and derives the name from a mediæval Scottish settlement at Schotten in Hesse.

Owing to the father's death the son went into business at an early age; his abilities were soon recognised, and before the age

of thirty he had become a partner in the firm of which Sir William Coddington is now the head. Through his marriage in 1874 with Anne Jane, second daughter of the late John Haslam, of Gilnow Hall, Bolton-le-Moors, he formed a connection with Bolton, to which town he removed in 1880 on undertaking a partnership in John Haslam & Co. His business career was throughout remarkably successful, and he always enjoyed the respect and confidence of his workpeople and colleagues. Among the undertakings which he served either as chairman or director are the Haslam Spinning Company, Haslam's, Ltd., German-street Mill Company, John Kershaw & Co., the Provincial Insurance Company, the Sackville Estate Company, and the Manchester Dock and Warehouse Extension Company. He was director also of the Bank of Bolton, and when that company was absorbed by the Manchester and County Bank he joined the Board of the latter.

Till recent years, when his health compelled him to abridge his activities, he took a large part in the political and philanthropic life of Bolton. He represented Halliwell Ward on the Town Council, and for fourteen years was president of the Bolton Liberal Association. In religion he was a Unitarian. His early associations were with Cross-street Chapel and with the ministry of Dr. John R. Beard at Sale. In Bolton he was connected with Bank-street Chapel, and till recently was a teacher of the men's class. He was for some years treasurer of the National Conference, and a vice-president of Manchester College, Oxford. Latterly much of his leisure has been spent at Yews, his Windermere home, chiefly in the management of his estate there. In the summer he took part in yacht-racing, and he had served as commodore of the Windermere Yacht Club. His baronetcy was conferred upon him in 1909.

Lady Scott survives him, and there are three children. The elder son, who succeeds to the title, is Samuel Haslam Scott, who married, in 1904, Carmen Estelle, daughter of the late Edmund Heuer, of Dunham Knoll, Altrincham.

A correspondent writes:—Sir James Scott was one of those men who, in spite of a very successful business career, seemed to those who knew him best to have been a business man more by the accident of things than by any natural affinity for commercial life. The early death of his father forced him to seek an opening not where he would but where he could; and his career is instructive as showing how readily the imaginative temperament can at need submit itself to the rigidities of the discipline of commercial routine, while nevertheless it keeps itself in profitable and successful exercise upon the materials of the day's work, incessantly constructing mental pictures of the human needs, conditions, even fancies, which underlie the economics of demand and supply. It was the same sensitiveness of imagination which underlay his great reputation for knowledge of men and for his conciliatory power in intercourse with them. There were other walks of life in which the same sensitive power of imagination made him a centre of unselfish influence; his Liberalism was largely the expression of his understanding of the hardships of poor people; his persistent and un-

stinted philanthropy had the same root; and to it was doubtless due as well the rare and admirable courtesy of his manners. In him Bolton has lost one of its most distinguished and most beloved of its citizens.

The funeral took place on Thursday, when the remains were cremated at Manchester, and a Memorial Service was held in Bank-street, Chapel, Bolton, conducted by the Rev. J. H. Weatherall.

MR. THOMAS HAWKES RUSSELL.

ON Thursday last, July 31, Birmingham lost a valuable citizen, and the Church of the Messiah one of its staunchest supporters, in the death of Mr. Thomas Hawkes Russell. He was a son of the late James Russell, M.D., for many years physician to the General Hospital, and brother of Dr. James W. Russell, who now holds the position his father held before him.

Mr. T. H. Russell was formerly a member of the firm of Lee, Musgrove & Lee, solicitors, of Birmingham, but he retired in 1905 and devoted himself to the study of botany, which had always been a dominating interest in his life, and to philanthropic work. In recognition of his work in a special branch of botany, he was elected a Fellow of the Linnæan Society, and three years ago published a notable work on "Mosses and Liverworts." Possessing a keen capacity of delight in the wonders and beauties of Nature's works, something of the calm order and quiet beauty of nature was reflected in his soul. He was a naturalist who turned to nature always with a lowly and loving reverence. His spirit was akin to that of Wordsworth, whose lines he was fond of quoting—

"Nature never did betray
The heart that loved her. 'Tis her
privilege
Through all the years of this our life to
lead
From joy to joy."

But this passion was not exclusive as it is with some. His sympathies were too broad. He was not a scientist and a scientist only. The deep interests of humanity claimed him equally. The welfare of his fellowmen was an abiding and consecrating incentive through his life. He sought, in particular, to impart to others the educating interest and joy he found in nature, not to keep them to himself as springs of mere personal elevation and enjoyment. Sunday after Sunday he rose early and wended his way to adult schools, morning classes, workmen's clubs, &c., to kindle this interest in the city dwellers. An artist of considerable skill, his lectures were illustrated by enlarged drawings or lantern slides prepared by himself, and these were a great delight to his audiences.

Turning to his other activities, Mr. Russell was well known as the tactful and devoted secretary of the Ministers' Benevolent Society, which post he filled for twenty-eight years. For many years he was a trustee of Lench's Trust, for some time acted as clerk, and twice was bailiff of the Trust. Since April, he personally visited

each of the two hundred inmates of the almshouses administered by the Trust. He worked devotedly for the Church of the Messiah Domestic Mission in Lawrence-street, and later in Fazeley-street, and for many years was chairman of the Mission. He was deputy-chairman of the Board of Management of the General Hospital, Birmingham, and also a member of the Free Libraries Committee.

Behind all his interests and his great capacity of work lay that which made him so greatly esteemed and loved by all who knew him, a blend of gentleness and strong clear conscientiousness which was the backbone of his character. He married in 1881 Mary Sophia, only daughter of the late Brooke-Smith, of Birmingham, who was a true companion and helper to him in all his work, and who now survives him. The interment took place at Witton Cemetery on August 5, the service being conducted by the Rev. J. W. Austin, cremation having been carried out the previous day.

MR. EDWIN ELLIS.

WE regret to announce the death of Mr. Edwin Ellis, which took place last Sunday at his house Summersbury, Shalford, near Guildford, after a long illness. He was in his 80th year. He was a man of vigorous mind and versatile interests, who had learned the secret of combining business success with a career of public usefulness. By many of his friends and neighbours he will be remembered as an enthusiastic agriculturist. The disposal of his flock of Southdown sheep in 1906 was one of the events of the year, many of the animals going to improve the stock in New Zealand. He was also a member of the Surrey County Council, a Justice of the Peace for the County, and one of the first directors of the Surrey Public House Trust. In religion he was a strong Unitarian, prizing very highly the privilege of intellectual freedom and clinging tenaciously to the opinions which he had thought out and tested for himself. For many years he was closely identified with the Ward-street Unitarian Church, Guildford, stinting neither money nor labour in its support, and bearing the chief burden of responsibility through many difficult days. His business connections with Bermondsey also prompted him to take an active share in the movement which led to the foundation of the Fort-road Unitarian Church. He was President of the London and South-Eastern Counties Provincial Assembly in 1891 and 1892, and a member of the Board of the Sustentation Fund for the Augmentation of Ministers' Salaries up to the time of his death. He leaves a widow, five sons, and a daughter. The funeral took place at the Shalford Cemetery on Friday, a service being held at the Village Hall before the interment.

MR. JOHN HEYS.

THE Free Christian Church, Longsight Manchester, has lost an old and deeply respected member in the death of Mr.

John Heys, on the 2nd inst., in his 82nd year. He was not only the practical founder of the church, but also acted as honorary minister during the early stages of its growth. But Mr. Heys was much more than a loyal and devoted member of his own congregation; he was also an enthusiastic Sunday-school teacher and a lay preacher, well known in past years for his vigour and earnestness in many churches. In Unitarian circles in the Manchester district there were few more familiar figures, and everywhere he was honoured and esteemed for his strong and upright character and his unwearied devotion to good works. He had filled many prominent positions, including that of President of the Manchester District Sunday School Association. The funeral, conducted by the Revs. Dendy Agate, B. C. Constable, and A. W. Fox, was held in the Free Christian Church, Longsight, on Wednesday, the 6th inst., and subsequently at the Manchester Crematorium. In the course of an address the Rev. Dendy Agate paid the following tribute to his memory:—

“The religious faith which through long years had sustained him was not merely assent to principle; it touched and moulded his life, gave him inward strength and peace and joy, enabled him to bear disappointment and sorrow without repining, and filled him with a constant desire to make others see the beauty and value of that interpretation of the Gospel of Christ which life-long pondering, wide reading, and experience had commended to him. He believed in worship, in fellowship, in the far-reaching and long enduring influence of the Sunday school, in the value of the lay preacher's work, in unflagging and full-hearted labour for the common good. The early nurture in the things of the Spirit which had blessed his own life, the strenuous example of those under whom he had been trained, made active service in religious fields an abiding joy to him all along. And when he could no longer serve as of old, his interest in all good work remained unabated; and his sympathy with those who were still at their various posts of duty was strong and helpful.”

MEETINGS AND GENERAL NEWS.

SOUTH AFRICAN NOTES.

THE events of the last ten days in Johannesburg have sent a shock of astonishment and alarm throughout the whole of South Africa, and surely throughout Great Britain also. I need not go into details. Your readers by this time will be acquainted with those details through the ordinary newspaper channels, but as testimony is always conflicting in these matters, I may summarise the evidence which lies before me, and which I have obtained from trustworthy and reliable sources—from people who are personally known to me, and most of whom were formerly members of my congregation here,

but now resident in Johannesburg. The trouble began with a strike on the New Kleinfontein mine as a result of an offending and illegal notice by the mine authorities regarding Saturday afternoon labour. The notice was withdrawn, and the strikers were invited to go back to work on the old terms; but, most tactlessly, and while the men's minds were full of bitterness, the mine-owners gave the legal formal month's notice necessary to have the point fought out under the Industrial Disputes' Act. The miners refused to go back on such terms, the strike became a “sympathetic” one, and spread rapidly. I understand that at one time it was on the point of being settled, but the mine authorities refused to reinstate all the men, and on this point the dispute was renewed. Meanwhile, the mine-owners had added fuel to the flames by turning some of the strikers and their families out of their quarters—still a perfectly legal act. Strike-breakers were employed, feeling reached fever heat, and one or two of the strike-breakers were attacked and suffered severely. Mine after mine came out in sympathy with their fellows, other industries followed suit, and it seemed as though business on the Rand would be brought to a standstill. Then came the meeting in the Market-square on Friday, July 4. This meeting had been prohibited, but only two or three hours' notice of the prohibition had been given—a foolishly inadequate time, as the mines extend along the reef some forty miles, and many people were on their way to the meeting not knowing anything about the prohibition. As a matter of fact, the meeting was allowed to begin, and two or three speeches were made. “Then a signal was given from somewhere,” says the Rev. G. C. Sharpe, of Johannesburg, who was in the square, “to the mounted police to disperse the meeting.” What might have been expected followed. “The police charged in brutal earnest, using their hammer-handles mercilessly.” The crowd ultimately left the square, many of them bent on reprisal, and in indignation that the right of public meeting for the discussion of grievances had been so tactlessly and brutally interfered with. That evening the *Star* office and part of the railway station were burnt down. Yet there was little or no looting except of gunsmiths' shops, and, apart from these acts of reprisal, no wanton devastation. In the wealthiest part of the city “not a single shop was touched. We were amazed. A more curiously purposeful crowd surely never ran amok.” It was moved by what it considered to be righteous indignation.

Then came the terrible doings of Saturday, July 5. All my correspondents agree that the shooting of unarmed men, women and children was wicked, wanton, and absolutely unnecessary. “People were shot like rabbits,” says one. “They were deliberately sniped at for nearly two hours,” says another. Mr. Sharpe sums up the matter thus: “I did not see Saturday's shooting, but competent eye-witnesses such as (naming three well-known citizens) assure me that anything more cruelly wanton cannot be found even in the history of the Cossacks.

The disgraces of the last week are the result of mean tyranny, cowardice, and incompetence. With material of the most insignificant kind the authorities have made a blaze which all the world must blush at." The shooting of young Labuschagne, one of my correspondents describes as "wilful murder." And it was all so unnecessary. "Mediation, or any sort of fair, reasonable treatment would have saved the situation. The moment it became known that Botha and Smuts had called the strike leaders order was restored." I quote Mr. Sharpe at this length because I think he may be considered an impartial witness. At any rate, in the early stages of the dispute, his prejudices "were rather against than in favour of the strikers."

The ostensible cause of the dispute may seem trifling. The real cause, however, lies much deeper than this or that particular dispute. It lies in this, that moral and religious considerations have become so widely divorced from the pursuit of wealth. The Johannesburg shootings are simply a variation of the Putumayo horrors, brought about by much the same causes, *i.e.*, the disregard of the rights of life in the acquisition of wealth, or the subordination of those rights to mercenary considerations. Take a few simple facts with regard to the mining industry. In the first three months of the present year, according to the *Government Gazette*, there were 269 deaths from accidents on the mines, that is, at the rate of over 1,000 a year—and this is the normal rate, not a specially selected period. In the same period there were 22 deaths from homicide and suicide, and 2,039 deaths from disease. These figures include both natives and whites. During the ten years ending December 31, 1912, 52,200 natives died on the mines, and 16,556 were killed or injured in accidents, and 32,103 were "invalided" home during the last five years. On the better class of mines the miners, native and white, are fairly well looked after, and the death-rate is correspondingly low. But the conditions on some of the mines must be terrible. The Minister of Native Affairs recently described the death-rate amongst tropical natives on the mines as "little less than murder"—it had reached 118 per thousand in March—and the recruitment amongst tropical natives has consequently been stopped. Mr. Madeley, a Labour member, made the astounding statement in the House of Assembly on the authority of a Mr. Moynahan, a mining engineer, that on some of the mines the death rate amongst whites employed underground amounted to no less than 160 per 1,000. This statement is so astounding that I give it with reserve. But let me quote an authority who will be accepted by all. Mr. Merriman, speaking in the House of Assembly a few weeks ago, said: "It was appalling to think that seven thousand natives died every year in these mines, and if they added to that number the deaths of whites and the deaths caused by accidents, no less than ten thousand people died in these mines every year. . . . Last year a horrible story was told in the Senate in which it came out that some men were shunted

into the train in the last stages of disease, and that they died on reaching Pietersburg. They were crowded away from the mines to die. He had heard of other cases from the Transkei in which people were sent away from the mines to die on the roadside. . . . There is no greater scandal than the fact that there is no inquest law in the Transvaal, and that you have no inquiry into fatalities apart from those made by the police and the mine-inspector. There is no provision for evidence to be given. I do not think we are doing our duty until we have an inquest of some kind. I cannot imagine a greater scandal. . . . If it were a question of a new cattle disease we should already have cabled to England for an expert. . . . The Americans made Panama as healthy as any place in the West Indies. We should attack the Rand in the same way. . . . When the death-rate in Panama during the French occupation was 50 per 1,000 it was the by-word of the world. By drastic measures the Americans have reduced that death-rate to less than 7 per 1,000. If we could only get anywhere near these figures, what an achievement that would be!"

Now look at the other side. Shortly after Mr. Merriman's speech one group of mines announced a dividend of 220 per cent., and another group a dividend of 70 per cent., and Sir Owen Philips proudly tells us that "the Union-Castle Company has carried 370,000,000 of pounds worth of gold, every ounce of which has been safely delivered to the Bank of England." Surely, when we compare these two sets of facts our minds instantly revert to that scene in Wagner's "Rhine Gold," where Alberic is whipping his underground dwarfs to their work, the whips in our case being rifles, bayonets, and batons, coupled with the need of earning a living somehow. As the Bishop of Oxford said a few months ago, in the City Church, Oxford: "It is a lie to say that religion has nothing to do with these things. It has everything to do with them." We are all responsible for the preventable deaths of our brethren and for the immense amount of suffering which lies behind the figures I have quoted.

Happily, as all the world now knows, the Government has entered into negotiations with the Federation of Trades, and we are all hoping for a peaceful and harmonious issue.

R. BALMFORTH.

Cape Town, July 15, 1913.

LIVERPOOL BOYS IN CAMP.

COMPANIES Nos. 7 (Mill-street Mission), 8 (Hamilton-road Mission), 9 (Birkenhead), 11 (Bootle), which form the Liverpool Battalion of the Boys' Own Brigade, again camped in Kirk Michael, I. o. M. from July 19 to 28, under the superintendence of C.O. Captain Norman Hall, Adjutant-Captain Lane, Lieutenants Armitage, Gerrard, Scott, Rimsner, Metcalf, Jones, and Williams. About 100 boys and officers participated in the delights of this perfect holiday amid ideal surroundings. The weather was brilliant, the order and arrange-

ment were better than last year, the competitions keener, and the *esprit de corps* more apparent. The new "Hymn and Song Book" proved itself to contain the right type of rhyme for chorus singing on board a crowded steamer. In addition to the camp concert, the boys gave a happy *al fresco* entertainment on the outward and homeward journey, both of which were highly appreciated by a great number of passengers. They helped to correct and kill the inane rag-time banalities so popular in recent times. The Rev. Walter Short and Lieutenant Gerrard conducted the camp services on Sundays the 20th and 27th. Mr. Lawrence Holt, treasurer of the Liverpool Battalion, was with the boys during the whole holiday and helped in all sorts of ways to make the time pass pleasantly, particularly during bathing parades, which were a genuine enjoyment all through the week, and in the arrangement and taking of photographic groups, in which he was humorously seconded by the ever-popular Mr. Tim Healey. Camp-life proved itself to be a splendid example of perpetual "busyness." Officers and "men" were moving in and out their canvas homes the livelong day. The trumpet-call to duty at 6 a.m. was followed by a wholesale eviction of bed and bedding, bag and baggage, on to the plot in front of each tent, there to be arranged according to a prescribed plan in perfectly symmetrical order, ready for the C.O.'s and Adjutant's inspections at 8 o'clock while the boys were busy with breakfast. The contest for the cleanest and tidiest tent was intensely keen, close, and enthusiastic; the two adjudicators were compelled to enter into almost hair-breadth differences and microscopical divergencies before they could decide which was the best of the ten tents. On several occasions, despite their mathematical exactitude, they had to compromise with a draw between tents 1 and 6. Guard mounting also produced a close competition; the marks for the leading tents running 115, 114, 114, 113.

Band practice at certain times made the protesting valleys resound with bugle madneses and bangings and rattlings of bass and kettle drums. During this carnival of melody, the ambulance corps in another part of the field were quietly rehearsing their mode of procedure, ready for any unexpected call upon their skill and promptitude; while behind and in the big marquee cooks and orderlies, under the direction of Quartermaster-Sergeant Roberts, were preparing delightful, acceptable, and appetising meals for all these "hard-working" officers and men. Two route marches, one to Glen Helen and the other to Peel, were taken as soldierly pleasure and recreation; the return from the latter, headed by the C.O. in person, developing into a masquerade of innocent merriment never to be forgotten but impossible to repeat. At Peel the B.O.B. were the guests of the West Lancashire Battalion of the Boys' Life Brigade, encamped on the outskirts of the town, with whom they fraternised in a spirit of true *bonhomie* and comradeship, which was intensified in a typical British fashion by two lively cricket matches, in both of which the B.O.B. achieved glorious victories.

This meeting promises to lead to a closer co-operation between the B.L.B. and the B.O.B., both of which are actuated by the same rules of service. The whole week was a dream of delight. Looking up from the shore in the early morning light, or from the heights at eventide, one was prompted to exclaim: "Beautiful for situation, the joy of the whole earth is this our holiday home in the Irish Sea. The memory of it will surely form a picture in the chambers of imagery of all these boys for the rest of their days."

J. L. H.

NEWS OF THE CHURCHES.

Special Notice to Correspondents.—Items of news for this column should be sent immediately after the event, and should reach the editor on Wednesday, except in the case of meetings held too late in the week to make this possible.

Bath.—At the end of the year the Rev. John McDowell will retire from the pulpit of Trimstreet Chapel, Bath, closing a period of almost forty years' service in the ministry.

Leeds.—The Rev. R. Nicol Cross, M.A., of Southport, has accepted an invitation to become minister of Mill Hill Chapel in succession to the Rev. C. Hargrove. Mr. Cross was educated at Glasgow University, where he gained the Clark Scholarship in Mental Philosophy, and took his M.A. degree in 1904, proceeding to Marburg for one year, followed by two years at Manchester College, Oxford. He began his work in the ministry as assistant-minister to the Rev. Frank K. Freeston, at Essex Church, London, during part of 1907 and 1908, and was afterwards minister at Pendleton, Manchester from 1909 to 1911. In April, 1911, he succeeded the Rev. M. R. Scott at the Unitarian Church, Southport.

Leicester.—It has been decided to adopt the *New Hymnal* at the Great Meeting. A new edition of the Hymnal is in the press, and to this edition a few supplementary hymns will be added for local use.

Loughborough.—It is announced that the Rev. J. M. Nolan, M.A., B.Litt., has declined the invitation of the North Midland Association to continue his ministry for a third year. It is his intention to return to Australia. He will conduct the services for the last time on September 28.

NOTES AND JOTTINGS.

TRANSPLANTING UNEMPLOYED FAMILIES.

The experiment recently made by the West Derby (Liverpool) Board of Guardians in transplanting poor women, often widows with children, into textile districts, where they can earn good wages, has given rise to a good deal of comment in the North of England. It is pointed out by the Bradford Trades Council that these families have gone to swell the number of people already living in overcrowded areas, and a demand is made for the cessation of the practice. The reply to this is that no family is transferred until definite arrangements are made with an employer to find them work. The position of Liverpool is rather peculiar, as the principal work there, such as dock labour, is for men, and this means that there are few openings for women, who are often quite unable to support themselves when their

husbands die. The actual scheme has been carried out by the Liverpool Charity Organisation Society, as Poor Law Guardians have no power to use the rates for the migration of these families to other districts. Nearly 3,000 poverty-stricken people have been removed in this way, and a very favourable report is given of them by Guardians who have visited them. They are in regular work, enjoy better health, and have acquired a spirit of independence as the result of fresh opportunities for self-support.

DR. JACKS'S "FARMER JEREMY" AGAIN.

How true to life was Dr. Jacks's recent story of "Farmer Jeremy" in the *Cornhill Magazine*, to which we referred at the time, is proved by a letter from a farmer, also of the "old school," published in the same magazine this month. It has been sent to the Editor and runs as follows:—

"Dear Sir,—I was delighted to read in your last month's issue the letter written by Professor L. P. Jacks, headed 'Farmer Jeremy and his Ways'; it met my ideas exact, in fact I was obliged to read it a second time. I, like him, was bred a farmer for generations and have worked at it all my life since I left school and am over sixty years of age—have been at it for myself forty years and am doing over 300 acres of heavy land now under his rule and have seen lots of ups and downs. I heartily endorse all he say: it is all quite true. I still farm under a lord, not a petty gentleman or farm dealer. I like to see lords and dukes at top and their daughters in the hunting field; we can farm with the greatest confidence and the same good feeling would exist now as it did then between landlord, tenant and labourer; if these agitators would go and 'dig' instead of upsetting the country it would be much better for the nation."

THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE DOUKHOBORS.

The story of the Russian Nonconformist Community of the Doukhobors (Spirit-Wrestlers), thousands of whom were cruelly persecuted by the Russian Government before they were allowed to leave their own country, will always have a special interest for those who believe in liberty of conscience and religious freedom. Many, however, who were somewhat repelled by the fanatical practices which followed their emigration to Canada, and have not followed their history very closely since that time, may be surprised to learn that they have not only made great progress, but have won the admiration even of acute business men for their splendid character and methods of organisation. This is what the manager of the Vancouver Financial Corporation, writing in *The Daily Province* (Vancouver, B.C.), after a business trip to the upper country, says about them:—

"An inspection of the Doukhobor colonies in Kootenay and the Boundary district, such as I made last week, would tend to dispel many illusions and misconceptions. All in all I think that they are a decided acquisition to the population of British Columbia. These people are frugal, sober, thrifty, industrious, and deeply religious; and although they have peculiar

customs that run counter to twentieth century civilisation, I could not but admire the manner in which they have transformed a veritable wilderness into an earthly paradise. The greatest objection urged against them is that they lead a communal life, and that they buy their hardware, groceries, &c., in the wholesale markets, instead of patronising the smaller storekeepers. I don't see how they can be blamed for this practice, as they are simply adopting modern methods in the transaction of business.

* * *

"The Doukhobors in British Columbia have accomplished wonders in the five years that have elapsed since they left the Canadian prairies. They own lands, stock, and improvements that are easily worth between one and two million dollars. They number about 4,000, three-quarters being established at the pioneer colony at Brilliant. There they have built over thirty miles of first-class wagon roads connecting with another settlement farther north, and have thus given transportation facilities for other white people located on pre-emptions. They have tilled the soil, proved its possibilities, and planted several hundred thousand fruit trees. They also grow all kinds of small fruits. Their enterprise is evidenced by the purchase of the jam factory at Nelson. With the financial aid of the Government, they are building a bridge across the Columbia at Brilliant. The colony at Grand Forks has also demonstrated the agricultural possibilities of the side hills in the valley. They have a good many thousand acres of land under cultivation, own comfortable homes, 1,000 horses and large bands of cattle. They work early and late, and mind their own business. I marvelled at the fine waterworks systems they have installed at their colonies. They have got organisation methods down to a perfect system."

THE DEPENDANTS OF WORKING WOMEN.

It is often maintained that the difference between the rates of pay to men and women is justified on the ground that the former usually have others dependent upon them, while the latter do not. The women's group of the Fabian Society have accordingly instituted an inquiry among women workers with a view to finding out what percentage of them contribute to the upkeep of a home or the maintenance of dependants, and the first results of the investigations have been published. The figures bring out some interesting facts, and it appears that rather over 49 women in every 100 (1,000 wage-earners replied to the questions submitted) in Great Britain, are spending part of their earnings in supporting others wholly or partially. The percentage is highest among laundresses (86.2), lowest among teachers of domestic science (34.6). Domestic servants run to 50 per cent., professional women to 49.5, and university graduates to 41.1. The inquiry covered a wide range of occupations, from that of university graduates earning £500 a year to the sweated industrial worker at 6s. a week, and the districts taken were Glasgow, Liverpool, Manchester, Rochdale, Blackburn, Southport, London, Cambridge, Nottingham, Reading, and several towns in Wiltshire.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

SPECIALLY CONTRIBUTED

BY PHILIP H. WILLIAMS, F.C.A.

AUG. 9, 1913.

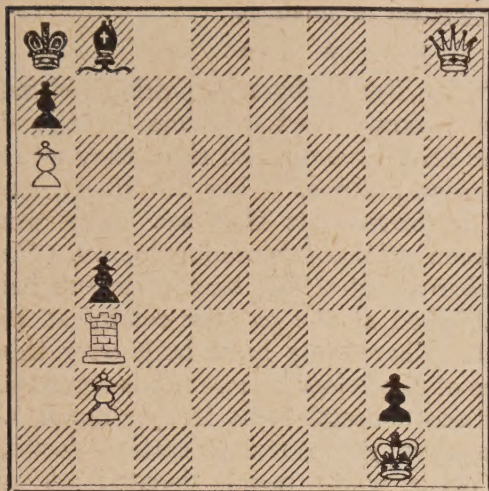
All communications for this department must be addressed to the office of THE INQUIRER, 3, Essex-street, Strand, W.C., marked "Chess." Criticisms and solutions will be acknowledged, and should be received the Saturday following publication.

PROBLEM No. 18.

BY P. DALEY.

BLACK.

(5 men.)



WHITE.

(5 men.)

White to play and mate in three (3) moves.

SOLUTION TO No. 16.

1. Q. R5 (key-move).

But 1. Q. B4 unfortunately "cooks" the problem since if 1... P. K4, 2. P x P, en passant, is mate.

Correct solutions from A. Mielziner, P. Grimshaw (also No. 15), Edward Hammond (and No. 15), W. T. M., T. Creed, W. Clark, the Rev. B. C. Constable, the Rev. I. Wrigley, G. B. Stallworthy, T. L. Rix, H. L. (also No. 15), R. E. Shawcross and W. E. Arkell.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Rev. W. C. COUPLAND and L. HOLLAND.—In No. 16 if 1. Q. Kt 4, Black plays 1... P. B4 and there is no mate.

T. L. RIX.—Thanks for your interesting remarks.

E. WRIGHT.—You will see that the move you send is an unintentional method overlooked by both composer and editor!

R. B. D.—Your solution was received too late to be included last week. Your method of analysis is quite correct.

Rev. B. C. CONSTABLE.—Yes, the "blind spot" is by no means uncommon, even amongst the most astute analysts.

W. T. M.—Thanks for the problem, which shall be examined.

A. J. HAMBLIN.—That seems to be the general opinion, so a few three-movers will be given from time to time. I will report later on the two you so kindly send.

The Chess Editor is rather awkwardly placed regarding postal arrangements for a few weeks, but will endeavour to acknowledge solutions promptly.

The three-mover quoted this month is a classic. It is not easy, since threatened stalemate is a most serious consideration. Were it not for this last resource, Black could be easily overcome in the stipulated number of moves, and by more than one method, all equally devoid of interest. The stalemate danger causes white to achieve his ends by rather subtle and apparently absurd tactics. I may again point out that all problems I quote have some sort of point, and what appears to be a prosaic method will probably be found in-operative against proper defence. Thus, let us assume 1. R. Q B3, P x R; 2. Q. Q B8, P x P; 3. Q. Kt 7, mate. This is very uninteresting, and should awaken suspicions that Black has not made the best defence. The real method is worth finding, as it is both amusing and surprising.

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